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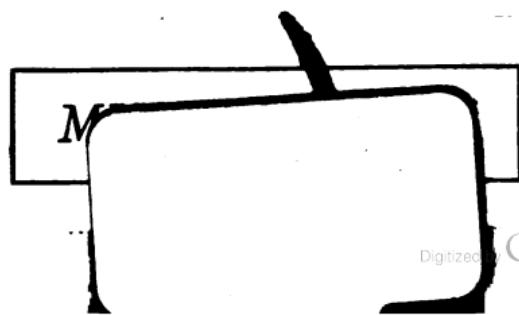
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Gratis



SONGS

OF THE

Delta Kappa Epsilon

FRATERNITY.

ISSUED

**AT THE THETA CHI CHAPTER,
IN THE 19TH YEAR OF THE FRATERNITY.**

UNION COLLEGE.

**ALBANY:
J. MUNSELL, 78 STATE STREET.
1863.**

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"IO TRIUMPH E."

AIR—"America."

Hail to our Brotherhood!
Bright is our Brotherhood!
Noble its aim!
Eyes beaming earnestly,
Hearts linked in unity,
And immortality
Guarding its name!

SONGS.

DEDICATION SONG.

BY S. T. FROST, OF THE PHI.

AIR—"Lauriger Horatius."

Brothers all! our festal hall
Holds true hearts united;
Let us consecrate its walls,
Hand to hand now plighted.

Chorus—Roll along the social song,
Heart and voice in chorus;
Bright shall be our Δ. K. E.,
As her past is glorious.

Love and friendship let us bring
To her holy altar,
Vowing, with each offering,
Ne'er to fail or falter.

Chorus—Roll along the social song,
Heart and voice in chorus;
Bright shall be our Δ. K. E.,
As her past is glorious.

SONGS OF DELTA KAPPA EPSILON.

Hopes may fade and friends may fail,
 Time old bonds shall sever,
 Memories, aye, of good old days,
 Linger here forever.

Chorus—Roll along the social song,
 Heart and voice in chorus;
 Bright shall be our Δ. K. E.,
 As her past is glorious.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

BY D. C. ROBERTS, OF THE LAMBDA.

AIR—“*A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.*”

The fleeting years are on the wing,
 Each laden with its store
 Of all the blissful joys that spring
 From the golden loves of yore.
 Each year eternal in its youth,
 In warm young hearts enthroned,
 And each with Love and Hope and Truth,
 Rare coronet is crowned.

Chorus—Then sing with a joyous hearty will
 For the “mystic letters three,”
 As the world grows old, our hearts shall thrill,
 With the love of Δ. K. E.

The ditties rare of ancient days
 Were sung by old time boys.
 The Fount of Youth they used to praise
 And all its fabled joys.
 This fountain is no fable now,
 Its tinkling music sweet,
 Is mingled with the brooklet's flow,
 Where our dear brethren meet.

Chorus—Then sing, &c.

Come, Brothers, fill the goblet high,
 With the fountain's crystal tears,
 And banish every weary sigh,
 Nor dream of cares nor fears;
 It gleams with light of happy days,
 Of youth so gay and free,
 And it warms our hearts to sing the praise
 Of our glorious Δ. K. E.

Chorus—Then sing, &c.

INITIATION SONG.

AIR—"Benny Havens, O!"

Come Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors, and stand up in a row,
 For drinking to old Δ. K. E., we're going for to go,
 We care not for the "Liquor Law," we're jolly, gay and free,
 We're drinking to our "Patron Saint," our glorious Δ. K. E.
 Our glorious Δ. K. E.,—*Bis.*
 We're drinking to our "Patron Saint," our glorious Δ. K. E.

Then fill your glasses to the brim, and pledge her yet again,
And swear her precepts you'll observe, her principles main-
tain !

And while you quaff your sparkling wine in joyous mirthful
glee,

Let every tongue proclaim the worth of noble Δ. K. E.
Of noble Δ. K. E.,—*Bis.*

Let every tongue proclaim the worth of noble Δ. K. E.

And Seniors, you who soon will be but Δ. K. E.'s in name,
Remember that on you and yours she ever has a claim !

And when in future years you trot your boy upon your knee,
Then teach him that the Alphabet begins with Δ. K. E.

Begins with Δ. K. E.,—*Bis.*

Then teach him that the Alphabet begins with Δ. K. E.

You Juniors, too, who know full well her pleasures and her
joys, [boys !

Give three times three for Δ. K. E., and drink her health, my
For be assured, in years gone by, and ages yet to be,

You ne'er have found, you ne'er will find, a friend like Δ. K. E.
A friend like Δ. K. E.,—*Bis.*

You ne'er have found, you ne'er will find, a friend like Δ. K. E.

And Sophomores, who fain would taste the bliss of Junior
year,

Be Δ. K. E. your "Oriflamme," and you have nought to fear ;
For every rival's lost her strength and bowed the suppliant
knee,

And all hereafter yield the palm to jolly Δ. K. E.
To jolly Δ. K. E.,—*Bis.*

And all hereafter yield the palm to jolly Δ. K. E.

And now let all (for Δ. K. E. no class distinction knows),
Drink happiness to all her friends, destruction to her foes!
Pour out the last drop from the flask, and let your huzzas be
Three cheers for Alma Mater Yale, and nine for Δ. K. E.

And nine for Δ. K. E.,—*Bis.*

Three cheers for Alma Mater Yale, and nine for Δ. K. E.

SONG.

BY WILLIAM C. SCHULTZE, OF THE BHO.

AIR—“*Trancadillo.*”

Tho' our fate may us part,
We will always agree
To extol from the heart
Our beloved Δ. K. E.,

Chorus—We will cheerfully cherish,
Through the years yet before us,
Delta Kappa Epsilon,
A name ever glorious.

In the whole country round,
Like the outposts of truth,
Will our chapters be found,
As the guardians of youth.

Chorus—We will, &c.

Tho' a thousand leagues sever
 The extremes of our power,
 Our "Union" has never
 Been loosed for an hour.

Chorus—We will, &c.

Whatever our stations,
 We united shall be
 In the mystic relations
 Of our loved Δ. K. E.

Chorus—We will, &c.

S O N G .

BY EDWARD S. RAND, JR., OF THE ALPHA (HARVARD) CLASS '55.

AIR—“*Star Spangled Banner.*”

Come leave ye awhile the dull studies that tire,
 Cast aside the dark cares which the spirit would sadden,
 Now kindle the soul with more glorious fire,
 Be our highest endeavor to cheer and to gladden.
 Let the spirit beat high, let joy flash from each eye,
 While exultant our chorus peals up to the sky ;
 Of one heart, of one hand may our Brotherhood be,
 While the clouds kiss the mountains, the winds kiss the sea.

Away with the praters who tell us that youth
 Is the age for reflection, who laughter would bury ;
 The future will come with its cares and its ruth,
 But to-night 'tis the season to laugh and be merry.

SONG.

From our laugh free and gay, care shall hasten away,
While the chorus resounds of our jubilant lay,
Of one heart, of one hand may our Brotherhood be,
While the clouds kiss the mountains, the winds kiss the sea.

The future that comes may its dawning be bright,
May the noon sun of happiness gladden the heaven,
The blest star of hope light the darkness of night,
And to each a full portion of blessing be given.
Still remember we all should dark sorrow enthrall,
We are brothers forever, whate'er may befall,
Of one heart, of one hand *shall* our Brotherhood be,
While the clouds kiss the mountains, the winds kiss the sea.

Then fill up each glass, let the laughter ring loud,
We will cheerfully meet with life's troubles and crosses,
A charm is our own all unknown to the crowd
Who fret at life's trials, and grieve o'er its losses.
Lift the bumper on high, while exultant we cry,
While our loud swelling chorus rings back from the sky,
Of one heart, of one hand *shall* our Brotherhood be
While the clouds kiss the mountains, the winds kiss the sea.

INAUGURATION SONG.

BY JOHN MILTON HOLMES, OF THE PHI.

AIR—"Gaudemus."

Twine the notes of Brotherhood,
Swell the sound of jubilee ;
Let the Yore-King, robed in glory,
Thrill us with his olden story,
And the peal of victory.—*Bis.*

Clasp the hands in Brotherhood,
Linking hearts in unity ;
Purer than the pearls of ocean
Gleam the jewels of devotion,
Trust, and love, and sympathy.—*Bis.*

Twine the notes of Brotherhood,
Swell the sound of jubilee ;
Lo ! the dim cerulean arching
Rainbows wait to span our marching
Onward to futurity.—*Bis.*

Twine the notes of Brotherhood,
Swell the sound of jubilee ;
Hope hath brought her promised dower,
Present triumph — present power —
Gladness and festivity.—*Bis.*

Long shall live our Brotherhood
 In glory and in unity ;
 Bright as the morning stars above us,
 Pure as angel hearts that love us,
 Lasting as eternity.—*Bis.*

W A R S O N G .

BY JOHN WRIGHT, JR., OF THE THETA CHI.

AIR—“*Marching Along.*”

The war cry is sounding through Learning’s fair hall,
 And many true-hearted are heeding the call,
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, we’re gallant and strong !
 We’ll gird on our armor and be marching along !

Chorus—Marching along, we are marching along,
 Gird on the armor and be marching along,
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, we’re gallant and strong !
 Our Delta Kappa Eps are marching along !

Many foes we may meet in battle array,
 But bravely we’ll drive them forever away,
 We’ll come in our strength, and this shall be our song
 “ For matchless Δ. K. E. we’re marching along.”

Chorus—Marching along, &c.

Oh ! where can be shown on the records of fame,
 A brighter, a fairer, more deathless a name,
 Than the one enrolled on our banners so long,
 Our noble Δ. K. E. as we’re marching along.

Chorus—Marching along, &c.

Then proudly let us raise our standard on high,
 Defend it we will, till we conquer or die ;
 Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, we're gallant and strong !
 We'll gird on our armor and be marching along !

Chorus—Marching along, &c.

S O N G .

BY CHARLES C. PUFFER, OF THE BETA PHI.

AIR—“*The Irish Divorce.*”

There's a trump of a maid—'tis long e'er I sighed for her,
 Sought for her favor and wilily tried for her.
 Queen of all lovers, who fain would have died for her,
 Lucky my star that 'tis I've made a bride of her.

Chorus—Oh, I swear ! I'm fairly in love with her
 Beautiful tresses, and even the glove of her ;
 If she were dead, a star would weep over her ;
 Sorrow the turf of the grave that shall cover her.

'Twas once on an eve, the first e'er I met with her ;
 Laddie and lassie, they all made a pet of her—
 Siren or sylph, and what was the best of her—
 Modest and fair as the pin on the breast of her.

Chorus—Oh, I swear ! I was fairly in love with her
 Beautiful tresses, and even the glove of her ;
 Siren or sylph, and what was the best of her,
 Fair as the diamond that gleamed on the breast of her.

Marry, my lady ! Then what shall I say of thee ?
 Classic and witty, the star of the gay levée ;
 Coral thy lip, and a rose on the cheek of thee,
 Forever and ever my beautiful Δ. K. E.

Chorus—Oh, I swear ! I'm fairly in love with her
 Beautiful tresses, and even the glove of her ;
 If she were dead, a star would weep over her ;
 Sorrow the turf of the grave that shall cover her.

SONG.

AIR—"Bruce's Address."

Brothers, who were wont to praise
 The good and true, in joyful lays,
 Now the glad song proudly raise,
 Still for Δ. K. E. !

No unwilling voice is found,
 Then let echo catch the sound,
 'Till from College walls resound
 Naught but Δ. K. E. !

"Friends forever from the heart,"
 We have taken here a start,
 That will help us when we part—
 Thanks to Δ. K. E. !

When our College days are done,
 And *life in earnest* is begun,
 We will pledge each rising sun
 To old Δ. K. E. !

And when in Death's cold arms we lie,
 Bidding earth's dear ones good bye,
 With our *latest breath* we'll sigh
 God bless Δ. K. E.!

INITIATION SONG.

BY J. H. GILMORE, OF THE UPSILON.

Cheer! boys, cheer! no ruthless hand shall sever
 Those fond links in which our hearts are bound,
 Old Upsilon proud shall stand forever,
 With fresh glory every year be crowned!
 Vain every art with which her foes assail her,
 We'll e'er defend her with a true man's might;
 Ne'er shall the stars that gem her shield grow paler,
 Till nature sink in everlasting night.

Chorus—Cheer! boys, cheer! for glorious Alma Mater!
 Cheer! boys, cheer! with honest hearts and free!
 Let no thought to Upsilon be traitor,
 Cheer! boys, cheer! for Brown and Δ. K. E.

Cheer! boys, cheer! true hearts our ranks are swelling—
 Only true hearts are found in Δ. K. E.,
 On every breeze are borne the echoes, telling
 That each rival now has bowed the knee.

Then welcome, brother! every heart is beating
 With fresh joy to greet a brother true—
 Each clasped hand in mystic presence meeting,
 Speaks but the welcome we would give to you.

Chorus—Cheer! boys, cheer! &c.

Cheer! boys, cheer! let's banish idle sorrow!
 Courage, true hearts shall bear us on our way—
 Hope points before and gilds the bright to-morrow;
 Our broad shield shall spotless be for aye.
 Join every voice to swell the joyous chorus!
 Join every hand in friendship's hearty grip!
 Ne'er till the waves of Lethe shall roll o'er us,
 Shall these loved accents falter on our lip.

Chorus—Cheer! boys, cheer! &c.

SMOKING SONG.

BY J. H. GILMORE, OF THE UPSILON.

When twilight shadows o'er earth fall,
 And drape each heart in their sombre pall,
 Let others weep, but we would rather far
 Dispel our cares with a cheerful cigar.

Chorus—Tra la la la — Tra la la la la!

Tra la la la la la la la la!

Oh! smoke, boys, smoke, for sorrow ne'er can mar
 The quiet joys of a cheerful cigar.

Have some proved false ? — do others sleep
In dim old church yard shadows deep ?
Our burdened hearts bid sorrow flee afar,
And soothe their woes with a cheerful cigar.

Chorus—Tra la la la, &c.

When foe meets foe in the battle of life,
And stout hearts clash in deadly strife,
Our manly breasts shall dread no scar
In the battle smoke of a cheerful cigar.

Chorus—Tra la la la, &c.

Does fickle fair one provè unkind ?
The flickering smoke is woman's mind ;
But is she true, no sweeter joys there are,
Than when Love dreams o'er a cheerful cigar.

Chorus—Tra la la la, &c.

Oh ! naught so sweetly brightens toil.
When students burn the midnight oil ;
And purest shines ambition's star,
Through the curling smoke of a cheerful cigar.

Chorus—Tra la la la, &c.

RE-UNION SONG.

BY H. M. MORSE, OF THE THETA CHI, CLASS '61.

AIR—“Crambambuli.”

Merrily, merrily ringeth
 Our song, with its music chime ;
 And joyously memory bringeth
 Thoughts of the grand olden time,
 When fled with haste the hours away,
 And filled with pleasure new, each day,
 In the Fraternity
 Of Δ. K. E.

That olden time when brothers, we,
 In bonds of love united,
 Breathed holy vows for Δ. K. E.,
 And in her smile delighted—
 Her loving smile, her cheering smile,
 Beaming bright on us, the while.
 In the Fraternity
 Of Δ. K. E.

With swelling heart and misty eye,
 The grip we gave each other,
 When we bade them a last good-by,
 A brother gives a brother.
 Each friend and brother Δ. K. E.
 Brimming with wisdom, wit and glee,
 In the Fraternity
 Of Δ. K. E.

Blest is this hour of re-union,
 And ever sweet the mem'ry
 Of cherished days of communion
 With brothers here, in Δ. K. E.,
 In Δ. K. E., in Δ. K. E.,
 With brothers fond, and brave, and free,
 In the Fraternity
 Of Δ. K. E.

S O N G .

BY J. C. LONG, OF THE TAU, CLASS '57.

AIR—“We're Marching down to Dixie's Land.”

Good news, good news crowds in apace
 From Δ. K. E., from Δ. K. E.,
 Our Delta Kap has won the race
 In glory and renown.
 The precious years glide swift away
 O'er Δ. K. E., o'er Δ. K. E.,
 And hail her jeweled bridal day
 Of glory and renown.

*Chorus—Oh we're marching on to victory,
 To victory, to victory,
 And our Delta Kappa's history
 Is glory and renown.*

Should rebel sons our home defy,
In Δ. K. E., in Δ. K. E.,
We would not give them time to die,
In glory and renown.

Our volunteers with glorious scars,
From Δ. K. E., from Δ. K. E.,
Have proudly wed our stripes and stars,
In glory and renown.

Chorus—Oh we're marching, &c.

We'll open wide our hearts to thee,
Loved Δ. K. E., loved Δ. K. E.,
And bid thee live forever free
In glory and renown.

We'll muster in a valiant clique
For Δ. K. E., for Δ. K. E.,
And send them on in double quick
To glory and renown.

Chorus—Oh we're marching, &c.

Let coming years their jewels bring
To Δ. K. E., to Δ. K. E.,
And set them in our glorious ring
Of glory and renown.
Then let us hail the future years
Of Δ. K. E., of Δ. K. E.,
And give to her three hearty cheers.
For glory and renown.

Chorus—Oh we're marching, &c.

INITIATION SONG.

BY GEORGE TUCKER, OF THE PHI.

AIR—“*Ellen Bayne.*”

Years that are sleeping
In the dark tomb,
Rise like dim phantoms
Forth from the gloom —
Joys that have faded,
Once more delight,
Memory is weaving
Spells with the night !
Yield unto the potent spell,
Hear the Past the story tell,
How of old they labored well
For Δ. K. E.

From the dark Future,
Lifting the cope,
Fancy is painting
Visions of hope —
Voices are floating,
Cheering us on,
Telling of battles
Yet to be won !
Hope is whispering to our band,
Guiding to the unknown land,
To the Future's golden strand
Our Δ. K. E.

Light on our Present
Gleams from the Past,
Hope for the future
On it is cast—
Laurels are wreathing
Deathless our name,
Fair lips are breathing
Prayers for our fame!
Present, Past and Future vie
Which can bring the deepest joy,
All are swelling praise on high
Of Δ. K. E.

Banish all sadness
From us to-night,
Crown with all gladness
Hours in their flight—
Life is oft dreary,
Study a bore,
Here for the weary
Bliss is in store.
Quickly flies the waning night,
Fleely comes the dawning light,
Hours of pleasure swift your flight
In Δ. K. E.

THE KAPPA HOME.

BY J. P. LISCOMBE, OF THE XI.

AIR—“*America.*”

Dear is this place of rest,
Where from each Kappa’s breast
 Sorrows depart :
For in this sacred pale
Sadness can ne’er prevail,
Banished its blighting gale
 From every heart.

Though we from kindred roam,
Here shall we find a home,
 Happy and free ;
Here find we brothers tried,
On whom we look with pride,
And dear as all beside
 Is Δ. K. E.

Now let each tongue prolong
Its notes of joyous song,
 Δ. K. E.’s praise :
Through her, Fame’s wreath of light,
With beaming glories bright,
Unfolded to the sight,
 Meets every gaze.

O D E.

BY J. H. GILMORE, OF THE UPSILON.

AIR—“*The Red, White and Blue.*”

The North, with its forest crowned mountains,
The West, with its prairie so free,
The South, with its groves and its fountains,
Respond to our loved Δ. K. E.
And here at her summons we gather,
With hearts ever loving and true,
To pay to our one common mother
The tribute of honor, her due.

Chorus—Then huzza for our loved Δ. K. E.,
Then huzza for our loved Δ. K. E.,
Here’s the grasp of fraternal devotion,
And three cheers for our loved Δ. K. E.

All strife and dissension are banished;
Our hearts gently fettered by love;
And doubts, gloomy spectres, have vanished,
While faith’s morning star shines above.
The South brings her fragrant magnolia,
The North brings her evergreen pine,
The West brings her prairie-grown blossoms,
A chaplet of love to entwine.

Chorus—Then huzza for our loved Δ. K. E., &c.

While hearts in fraternal communion
 Here mingle their pleasures to-night,
 Let all for our glorious Union
 In one prayer of blessing unite;
 And oh! to her service be given
 The fealty we've promised to-day,
 Till *Earth* to our one common mother,
 The tribute of honor shall pay.

Chorus—Then huzza for our loved Δ. K. E., &c.

D R I N K I N G S O N G .

AIR—“*Vive L'Amour.*”

Let every good fellow of every degree,
 Vive la compagnie!
 Now drink to the health of Δ. K. E.
 Vive la compagnie!

Chorus—Vive l'amour, vive l'amour,
 Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour,
 Vive l'amour, vive l'amour,
 Vive la compagnie!

The present and past are full of her fame,
 Vive la compagnie!
 The future shall only emblazon her name,
 Vive la compagnie!

Chorus—Vive l'amour, &c.

Like the snows of the mountain, all stainless and pure,
 Vive la compagnie!

Her name and her glory will ever endure,
 Vive la compagnie!

Chorus—Vive l'amour, &c.

Then fill up a bumper for Δ. K. E.,
 Vive la compagnie!

And drink to her health with three times three,
 Vive la compagnie!

Chorus—Vive l'amour, &c.

S O N G .

BY EDWARD S. RAND, JR., OF THE ALPHA (HARVARD), CLASS '55.

AIR—“*Fairy Belle.*”

The bond of our Union, dear to us beyond degree:

Let us sing in full chorus the praise of Δ. K. E.,
 For a jovial crowd ever round her altar throng,

While echoes back from Heaven the chorus of their song.

Chorus—Δ. K. E., our loved Δ. K. E.,

To thee once again, to the honor of thy name,
 Δ. K. E., a bumper brimmed to thee!

Long may'st thou glory, each year increase thy fame.

Far on the prairies where the dewy buds unfold,
By the broad northern lakes where the foamy waves dash
high,
Or east, where the mountains the morning lights with gold,
Or 'mid the southern forests we will raise the cheering cry.

Chorus—Δ. K. E., &c.

'Tis said that hereafter when the years have sped away,
It is joy to remember the things of early hours ;
And perchance then to us may return each college day,
And our age on its dry branch may be bright with youthful
flowers.

Chorus—Δ. K. E., &c.

And O should the future in tears and sorrow dawn,
Belying the promise which illumed the early tide,
A light will be shed from horizon of the morn,
A glory from the east as toward the west we glide.

Chorus—Δ. K. E., &c.

A toast then, my brothers, fill it high and drink it round,
Our Brotherhood forever in glory and success,
The future see her children with highest honor crowned,
We give her to our children a name to praise and bless.

Chorus—Δ. K. E., &c.

Dec. 10th, 1862.

S O N G .

BY F. A. BENTON, OF THE PI.

AIR—“Benny Havens O!”

Come brothers, drink of the joyous wine;
Let aches and troubles flee,
Let kindling hearts and the moments shine,
With beams of Δ. K. E.

Chorus—With beams of Δ. K. E.,
With beams of Δ. K. E.,
Let kindling hearts and the moments shine,
With beams of Δ. K. E.

Communing here, with a tender flow
Of manly love and glee,
No wheel of time could the lighter go,
Than here in Δ. K. E.

Chorus—Than here in Δ. K. E.,
Than here in Δ. K. E.,
No wheel of time could the lighter go
Than here in Δ. K. E.

The bond that ties with a dear embrace
Our lives in harmony,
May well be loved, and the hallowed place,
That guards our Δ. K. E.

Chorus—That guards our Δ. K. E.,
 That guards our Δ. K. E.,
 May well be loved, and the hallowed place
 That guards our Δ. K. E.

Then drink around, while our thoughts abound,
 With pleasure deep and free,
 Let hearts resound with a jovial sound
 In praise of Δ. K. E.

Chorus—In praise of Δ. K. E.,
 In praise of Δ. K. E.,
 Let hearts resound with a jovial sound
 In praise of Δ. K. E.

S O N G .

AIR—“*Sparkling and Bright.*”
 The student’s life is a jovial life,
 And the hours fly swiftly along;
 But the gayest are all who tread the hall
 Of Delta Kappa Epsilon.

Chorus—Then let no strife of college life
 Our bond of union sever,
 But loudly we’ll the chorus peal,
 Delta Kappa Eps. forever!

A noble crew are our chosen few,
 Who onward voyage together;
 And sound the craft, from fore to aft,
 In which the storms we weather.

Chorus—Then let no strife, &c.

May fortune thus still favor us,
 As in the days gone by,
 And echoing fame still loud proclaim
 Delta Kappa Eps. for aye!

Chorus—Then let no strife, &c.

Each fleeting day may bear away
 Some scene from memory flying,
 But who forgets Delta Kappa Eps.
 Must in his grave be lying.

Chorus—Then let no strife, &c.

S O N G .

BY D. V. GERALD, OF THE THETA CHI, CLASS '60.

AIR—“*Napoleon's Grave.*”

In this Hall, free from strife, now together assembled,
 We've banished each care that perplexed us before;
 No thought is concealed and no fact is dissembled,
 For Brothers united all secrets ignore.
 Professors may storm and the “Townies” may bustle,
 We heed not, we hear not—from all care we are free;
 No ~~Æ~~schylus drives us, and Conics may whistle,
 While proudly we stand by our loved Δ. K. E.

We've defended her oft when her foes have assailed her,
 The gathering tempests above us have fled,
 We'll stand by her still while our power can avail her,
 Her friends shall rejoice, but her foes shall oft dread;

The tempest may rave, but we safely will ride it;
 We live from all care and anxiety free;
 Let the breaker roll on, we will proudly defy it —
 Our watchword is onward, our cause Δ. K. E.

S O N G .

BY A. H. CHAMPLIN, OF THE TAU.

AIR—“*John Brown.*”

Our Delta Kappa Eps are still in the van,
 Our Delta Kappa Eps are still in the van,
 Our Delta Kappa Eps are still in the van,
 As we go marching on.

Chorus—Glory, glory, hallelujah,
 Glory, glory, hallelujah,
 Glory, glory, hallelujah,
 As we go marching on.

The stalwart and brave are strengthening our ranks,
 The stalwart and brave are strengthening our ranks,
 The stalwart and brave are strengthening our ranks,
 As we go marching on.

Chorus—Glory, glory, &c.

Our gallant Δ. K. E. the victory will win,
 Our gallant Δ. K. E. the victory will win,
 Our gallant Δ. K. E. the victory will win,
 As we go marching on.

Chorus—Glory, glory, &c.

Now give three cheers for peerless Δ. K. E.,
Now give three cheers for peerless Δ. K. E.,
Now give three cheers for peerless Δ. K. E.,

Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!

Chorus—Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!

LOVED Δ. K. E.

BY J. C. LONG, OF THE TAU, CLASS '57.

AIR—“*Sheiden and Leiden.*”

I've wandered far from Delta's rest
In search of other joys,
Yet none so pure and none so blest
As those of Kappa boys.
The world is empty in its wealth,
And cold its joys to me;
Oh, Delta Kappa, none I find, } *Bis.*
Who love me like to thee.

When sorrows flood my way with grief,
And waves of trouble roll,
I find in Delta Kap. relief,
The sunshine of the soul.

Though grief is but the soul sublime
 Of life's great mystery ;
 Yet Delta Kap. none I find
 Who love me like to thee. } *Bis.*

When brittle threads of silver white
 Are woven from life's loom,
 Sweet visions of these realms of light,
 Shall scatter earth born gloom,
 And thoughts of Delta Kap. will come
 So welcome unto me.
 Oh, Delta Kappa, none I find
 Who love me like to thee. } *Bis.*

O U R G L O R I O U S Δ. K. E.

BY A. C. TRIPPE, OF THE RHO.

AIR—"We come with hearts of gladness."
 How pleasant 'tis at even,
 Our College labor done,
 To sing of Alma Mater,
 And Kappa Epsilon ;
 Out bursts the song of praising,
 From tuneful heart and voice,
 For, prompted by the noble theme,
 Our inmost souls rejoice. } *Bis.*

Through all Columbia's nation,
 From East unto the West,
 Our Brotherhood is known as
 The largest and the best;
 "Omicron," by the Huron,
 "Xi," on the Kennebec,
 Are brilliants in the northern sky,
 Its azure deep to deck. } Bis.

There's "Chi," in Mississippi,
 "Pi," in the Granite State,
 And in the Old Dominion,
 Our "Eta's" name is great;
 'Neath Bunker Hill, "fair Harvard,"
 Old Massachusetts' pride,
 Bears our broad shield in triumph,
 And spreads its honor wide. } Bis.

We need not fear disunion,
 Most distant hill and vale
 Are linked in sweet communion by
 This "Giant Youth of Yale."
DELTA KAPPA EPSILON!
 Our love is deep to thee,
 Myriad ties unite us
 To our Fraternity. } Bis.

Then in a lively anthem
 Join every heart and voice,
 Till all the wide creation shall
 Reecho and rejoice.

Oh ! shout in joyous accents
 The song of unity,
 The praises of old La Fayette,
 And noble Δ. K. E.

} Bis.

THE GOLDEN CHAIN.

BY GEORGE S. GRAY, OF THE PHI.

AIR—“Hazel Dell.”

While the fire of youth so brightly
 Beams in every eye,
 And the heart now beating lightly,
 Lifts its hopes so high—
 While the festive hour is passing
 In its gayety,
 Free from gloom and cares harrassing,
 We sing of Δ. K. E.

Chorus—Here a golden chain unites us,
Hopeful, glad and free;
And a golden future lights us
On in Δ. K. E.

The fairies dance at even
 In the moonlight sheen,
 And on the breast of heaven,
 Sleeps the crescent queen ;

Now the busy day is hidden,
Stars hold revelry,
And her sons to mirth now bidden,
Sing of Δ. K. E.

Chorus—Here a golden chain unites us, &c.

From our gath'ring thought relaxing,
Stern duties fly ;
Nor the spirit overtaxing,
Lighter joys deny ;
Each to each with friendship glowing,
Joining merrily,
Chorus loud in numbers flowing,
Hail to Δ. K. E.

Chorus—Here a golden chain unites us, &c.

Cherish we our union purely,
Earnest, heart and hand,
While we pledge it proudly, surely,
Through our native land ;
Every where our token glances,
Echoes heartily,
While from band to band the shout advances,
Hail to Δ. K. E.

Chorus—Here a golden chain unites us, &c.

INITIATION SONG.

BY JOHN WRIGHT, JR., OF THE THETA CHI.

AIR—“Annie Lisle.”

Swell the glad and welcome chorus,
Hearts and voices chime,
For a noble band hath joined us,
At this happy time.
Brighter than the golden morning,
Will these moments be,
When first rose within the bosom
Love to Δ. K. E.

Chorus—Hail Brothers! welcome Brothers!
To our Δ. K. E.,
Earthly power can not sever
Our dear Unity.

By the vows you here have taken,
May you firmly stand,
Never from the path of duty,
Swerve to either hand.
Give your best and earnest efforts,
Joyously and free.
Daily growing stronger — nearer,
To loved Δ. K. E.

Chorus—Hail Brothers! &c.

SONG.

BY A. H. CHAMPLIN, OF THE TAU.

AIR—"Home, Sweet Home."

Mid scenes of confusion, of sorrow and care,
In this world of temptation, of trials and snares,
Oh how dear to the heart, when hither we roam,
To feel 'mong our Brothers, we're ever at home.

Chorus—Home, sweet, sweet home,
Our Delta Kappa Home.

Here music shall charm with its pathos and power,
And friendly rejoicings enliven each hour,
And fain would we linger and never more roam
From the gladness and unity of our sweet home.

Chorus—Home, sweet home, &c.

CONVENTION SONG.

AIR—"Benny Havens, O!"

A sound was heard on the fresh'ning gale,
In manly tones and free,
Its voice sprang forth from the halls of Yale,
And spoke of Δ. K. E.

Chorus—And spoke of Δ. K. E.,
And spoke of Δ. K. E.,
Its voice sprang forth from the halls of Yale,
And spoke of Δ. K. E.

The tremulous breeze swept o'er the land,
By mountain, plain, and sea,
And a summons bore to each noble band,
The sons of Δ. K. E.

Chorus—The sons of Δ. K. E., &c.

Where'er was one who had worn the scroll
Of mystic letters three,
Its magic breath inspired his soul
With thoughts of Δ. K. E.

Chorus—With thoughts of Δ. K. E., &c.

And straight his wandering steps he turned
Yet once again to see
The shrine for which his heart still yearned,
The home of Δ. K. E.

Chorus—The home of Δ. K. E., &c.

So, gathered at last, a glorious band
Within this hall we see,
And gladly join with each brother's hand
The grasp of Δ. K. E.

Chorus—The grasp of Δ. K. E., &c.

RE-UNION SONG OF THE XI.

AIR—"Araby's Daughter."

Naught mars the bright household where unity dwelleth,
 And eye speaks to eye what the spirit imparts;
 And the chorus of joy a true brotherhood swelleth,
 To twine with its music a union of hearts.

Though classic our homestead, and sacred its portal,
 Bonny gladness scorns not at our fireside to sit,
 Then hail to the genius, our guardian immortal,
 And long live our brothers in harmony knit.

A household of brothers in joyful re-union,
 We clasp the warm hands that have parted so long,
 But we miss from the hall of our hearty communion,
 The voices that often were loudest in song;
 Yet still shall their memory creep silently o'er us,
 Like sweet loving thoughts from the lips of the past,
 Then hail we our union in loud ringing chorus,
 And long may the bonds of our brotherhood last.

SONG.

BY J. F. LISCOMBE, OF THE XI.

AIR—"Maggie by my side."

The sun of our Order's glory
 Crowns the ether blue;
 Her fame, in undying story,
 Greets the ardent view.

Oh, may it never
 Set in twilight shade !
 Oh, may its bright beams
 In darkness never fade !

Chorus—Our own loved Δ. K. E.,
 Binding close our hearts ;
 Δ. K. E., beloved tie,
 Binding close our hearts.

When the swelling waves of sadness
 Roll across the heart,
 Δ. K. E. can cheer to gladness
 Bidding gloom depart.
 Thus joy's glad sunshine
 Bathes the heart in light ;
 Thus the radiant sunbeams
 Banish lingering night.

Chorus—Our own loved, &c.

Bright the future, now extended
 To the earnest gaze ;
 Full of victories, laurels blended
 With the myrtle days.

Soon, in full fruition,
 The glories e'er us cast,
 Shall eclipse in brightness
 The splendors of the past.

Chorus—Our own loved, &c.

Naught but harmony abideth
 In this sacred spot ;
 Through our hearts love gently glideth—
 Worldly cares forgot. .

So may we ever
 In unity abide ;
 Thus shall we fearless
 Breast the roughened tide.

Chorus—Our own loved, &c.

S M O K I N G S O N G .

BY THEODORE B. SMYTH, OF THE OMICRON.

AIR—“*Star of the Evening.*”

Friendly cigar ! we sing thy praise,
 And notes of joy our voices raise
 To tell thy worth, who hast the power
 To banish or cheer the darkest hour,
 To banish or cheer the darkest hour.

Chorus—Friendly cigar !
 Cheerful cigar !
 Joy of the student !
 Friendly, cheerful cigar.

Now, boys, our tasks are all well done,
 Each lesson conned, the victory won —
 No study now — away with care —
 We'll light and smoke a cheerful cigar,
 We'll light and smoke a cheerful cigar.

Chorus—Friendly cigar, &c.

We'll pass our jokes and grip around,
 And have no harsh, discordant sound —
 No jarring words our pleasure mar —
 While smoking this, our cheerful cigar,
 While smoking this, our cheerful cigar.

Chorus—Friendly cigar, &c.

In future years when, strayed afar
 We smoke, as now, our best cigar,
 Fond thoughts will come of college ways —
 'Twill bring to mem'ry other days,
 'Twill bring to mem'ry other days.

Chorus—Friendly cigar, &c.

S M O K I N G S O N G .

BY W. W. GORDON, OF THE PHI.

AIR—“*Lilly Dale.*”

As glistening pearls 'midst beauty's dark curls,
 Which the nestling hair receives,
 Are the dew-drops bright, 'neath the moon's pure light,
 O'er the tobac's graceful leaves.

When drooping,
 When grieving,
 Smoke a cigar!

For the Oronock weed is a friend indeed,
 And can keep all sorrows afar.

Like the coral red, in its dark green bed,
The tobac flower blooms;
When the leaves are sere and the frosts appear,
A russet-brown it assumes.

When drooping, &c.

When stript are the leaves, and rolled into sheaves,
The rounded cigars are seen;
At the fragrant brands, in their votaries' hands,
The gods are rejoiced, I ween.

When drooping, &c.

'Neath verandah's shade lies the creole maid,
A cigarette 'twixt her teeth;
Her love-darting eyes gleam through the disguise
Of the circling smoke-cloud wreath.

When drooping, &c.

To the Moslem grave, or the Indian brave,
Is the pipe or ealumet,
For its glowing bowl refreshes the soul,
Like grain by Spring showers wet.

When drooping, &c.

Now the feast is done, till the morrow's sun,
All hearts replete with joy,
Each smoke his cigar, and banish afar,
All cares that life annoy.

When cheerful,
When happy,
Smoke a cigar!

For the Oronock plant all joys can grant,
And show what pleasures are.

SONG.

BY A. H. NELSON, OF THE UPSILON.

AIR—“*A little more Cider.*”

When first I entered college walls
 I thought that, sure, “Old Nick”
 Was patron saint and ruling chief
 Of every secret clique;
 But soon I found out my mistake;
 You ask how that could be:
 For the very simple reason, that
 I spied a Δ. K. E.

Chorus—Then give three hearty cheers
 For glorious Δ. K. E.,
 And three times three let the chorus be
 For staunch old Δ. K. E.

I straightway found, that though old folks
 Might oft the wiser be,
 They, sure, had never known in Brown
 The men of Δ. K. E.,
 Or else they ne’er would have forbade,
 As death to all sobriety,
 The wearing of the mystic badge
 Of an occult Society.

Chorus—Then give three hearty cheers, &c.

United hands and friendly hearts,
 Fraternal sympathy,
 Go where you will, you ne'er can find,
 As found in Δ. K. E.
 Then when old age comes on at last
 We still will shout with glee,
 Hurrah ! for Alma Mater Brown ;
 Hurrah ! for Δ. K. E.

Chorus—Then give three hearty cheers, &c.

Then heed my warning, ye skeda !
 My admonition prize,
 And don't believe the tales you're told
 By the Alpha Delta Phi's ;
 Their wily ways and treacherous arts
 Will sure your ruin be ;
 So just steer clear of all of them
 And join the Δ. K. E.

Chorus—Then give three hearty cheers, &c.

CARMEN CONVIVIALE.

BY GEORGE TUCKER, OF THE PHI.

AIR—“*Lauriger Horatius.*”

Cito cursu labitur,
 Floridus juventus ;
 Carpe diem igitur,
 Venit mox senectus !

Chorus—Læte rotet amphora,
 Hilares sodales;
 Pallas, Bacchus, Cypria,
 Nobis sint Penates.

Ad medendum tristibus
 In arca Pandoræ
 Data spes hominibus,
 Tutsans a dolore.

Chorus—Læte rotet amphora, &c.

Mala nos vexantia,
 Parmam spei vitant,
 Qui petunt ornantia
 Operantur, sperant.

Chorus—Læte rotet amphora, &c.

Sol effulget clarior
 Nubibus dispersis,
 Sic voluptas dulcior
 Parvis vites curis.

Chorus—Læte rotet amphora, &c.

Fratres sumus mystica,
 Copula ligati,
 Nobis amicitia
 Medicina mali.

Chorus—Læte rotet amphora, &c.

Ad sepulchrum firmiter
Omnes vocat tempus ;
Carpe diem acriter,
Effluit juventus !

Chorus—Læte rotet amphora,
Hilares sodales,
Pallas, Bacchus, Cypria,
Nobis sint Penates.

D I R G E .

BY H. E. BURT, OF THE OMICRON.

AIR—“*America.*”

Where are our friends to-day
Who joined the battle fray,
Brave hearts and true!
Our brothers loved and dear,
Who knew no coward fear,
But went 'midst war's career
Brave deeds to do ?

Alas ! though some remain
To prove their steel again
Against the foe—
Yet some most truly brave,
Beneath our banner's wave,
Have found a soldier's grave,
Too soon, we know !

We pause to shed a tear
For those who used to cheer
Our college life—
Who once with merry glee
Enlivened Δ. K. E.—
But since have been set free
From mortal strife.

Yes! Δ. K. E. will mourn
The loved ones from her torn
By stern decree.
Their mem'ry she'll preserve,
And like them never swerve
When danger calls for nerve
On life's rough sea.

Then may their souls have rest,
And dwell among the blest,
For peace reigns there;
And may the turf grow light
O'er those who fell for right,
Whose names forever bright,
Their deeds declare.

D I R G E .

BY JOHN WRIGHT, JR., OF THE THETA OME.

AIR—“*Pleyel's Hymn.*”

Death has snatched with cruel hand,
One from out our little band.
And deep sorrow fills each heart,
When with friends so loved we part.

No more will our brother dear,
Ever mingle with us here;
Nor his hand extended be,
With the grip of Δ. K. E.

Precious to the memory,
Is our every thought of thee.
On thy name we'll love to dwell,
Of thy virtues often tell.

Brother, peaceful be thy rest,
And thy soul supremely blest.
May pure joy thy portion be,
Joy to all eternity.

PARTING SONG.

BY A. C. TRIPPE, OF THE RHO.

AIR—“*Auld Lang Syne.*”

Come, brothers, join our parting song
Before we homeward go,
Let's bid a long, a sad farewell
To LaFayette and “Rho.”
Fond mem'ries rush upon our minds,
As we revert to thee,
Loved Delta Kappa Epsilon,
Endeared Fraternity.

We oft have borne a brother's load,
When trials did assail,
And nothing, save fraternal hands,
To succor could avail.
If foes have striven to subdue,
We've shown a solid front,
Our numbers small, yet each man true,
And victor in the brunt.

For years we've traveled, side by side;
Through Wisdom's mazy land,
E'en to sad Graduation Day,
Which separates our band.

But though our bodies sundered be,
 Our hearts are linked together,
 In bonds of staunch old Δ. K. E.,
 Which nothing e'er can sever.

And now the time for parting's come,
 Let's give a "three times three!"
 For Alma Mater, LaFayette,
 And noble Δ. K. E.
 Come, take the hand so often grasped
 Within that palm of thine,
 No distant day shall lose the grip
 We've gi'en in 'Auld Lang Syne.'

P A R T I N G S O N G .

BY JOHN WRIGHT, JR., OF THE THETA CHI.

AIR—"Auld Lang Syne."
 Another parting hour has come,
 To our Fraternity,
 Then let us raise a choral song
 For noble Δ. K. E.

Chorus—For noble Δ. K. E., my boys,
 For noble Δ. K. E.
 Send up the shout to all about,
 For noble Δ. K. E.

Oh, memory oft shall turn to dwell
On college days of glee,
And all the thousand pleasures felt
For noble Δ. K. E.

Chorus—For noble Δ. K. E., &c.

Days may come and days may go
And years e'en numbered be ;
Our hearts shall never cease to beat
For noble Δ. K. E.

Chorus—For noble Δ. K. E., &c.

Farewell, farewell, our festive hall,
And must we part with thee ?
Farewell to every kindred heart
In bonds of Δ. K. E.

Chorus—In bonds of Δ. K. E., my boys,
In bonds of Δ. K. E.,
Farewell to every kindred heart,
In bonds of Δ. K. E.

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